

By Sidney Smith

THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Thrilling story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a beautiful girl's love by the author of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irish," etc. Copyright, 1922, by Harold MacGrath

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY... THE EMERALDS WERE GONE... Would you like me to keep an eye on the Emeralds? It won't cost you anything...

Would you like me to keep an eye on the Emeralds? It won't cost you anything... "That's a good guess. If I should happen to need you again, I'll send for you. Better go now. I'm groggy. Got mixed up with some street thugs last night, and they battered me up considerably. Good-by and good luck!"

So away with your Latin, away with your Greek! All the learning you need is to toughen your cheek... "But why? In what manner would his death benefit Stewart? He was always coming back to that. The Emeralds had no break in it. But to rob him of his watch, which couldn't be pawned for two bits? It ought not to think of these things, but he could not help himself. If this man Stewart had been the indirect means of Silas Bancroft's death, the son wanted to know why."

"You're a lucky pup, Ling." Ling Foo's tall admitted the soft impeachment... "She took a lot of trouble for you one night; mud and rain, and all that, so you wouldn't be thirsty."

"Yes, sir. But here's the odd part of it," went on the detective. "Years ago Kennedy turned over to this doctor in La Paz a power of attorney. That is, he had the power to sell the mine, if any accident should happen to said Kennedy, and to turn it over to the Kennedy estate. A few years ago the mine was discovered, and Kennedy bought it back. But where was Kennedy?"

THE GUMPS—Closing the Cutout

WELL, POISON IVY SOFTENED UP A BIT—HERE'S WHAT HE HAD TO SAY THIS MORNING— "ANDREW GUMP ELECTED—THE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE SLIPPED THROUGH BY A NARROW MARGIN OF 37 VOTES, THANKS TO THE WOMEN WHO GAVE HIM A PLURALITY."

"WE CONGRATULATE YOU, MR GUMP— YOU ARE A GREAT CAMPAIGNER— OUR HAT'S OFF TO YOU— YOU RODE INTO OFFICE ON THE SLOGGANS 100% FOR THE PEOPLE AND THAT YOU WEAR NO MAN'S COLLAR— NOW DON'T BETRAY A CONFIDENCE— STAY 100% FOR THE PEOPLE— ABOUT THE COLLAR YOU'RE SAFE— YOUR COLLAR WOULD MAKE A LINEN DUSTER FOR A GIRAFFE."

"THIS BABY HANDS ME A COMPLIMENT WITH ONE HAND AND A BODY BLOW WITH THE OTHER— THE ONLY REASON HE CALLS ME A GREAT CAMPAIGNER IS BECAUSE I LICKED HIM, AND HE WON'T ADMIT THAT'S EASY— BUT HE STILL HAS THAT CONTEMPTIBLE SPIRIT OF PERSONAL RIDICULE— I HATE HIM—"

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY... Casting, as You Might Say, a "Damp" on the Celebration... SCHOOL DAYS... "GO ON OR WHO'S IT OVER WITH YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO ON IN— YOU HAPPY TO GO ON SOME TIME TONIGHT? SHE'LL WANT THERE ALL NIGHT TILL YOU COME GO ON! WE'LL WANT OUT HERE AND LISTEN TO YOU—"

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Saturday Night Dance

HELLO CAM, OLD DEAR! MY YOU LOOK NICE! YOU'RE THERE WITH THE HEAVENLY YOURSELF, BIRDIE... I CAME DOWN WITH SAM, WHO'S YOUR TICKET DEARIE? ABE'S CALLED OUT OF TOWN SO I GOT SOAKY SMITH AT BAT. WE CAME IN A CAR CONDUCTOR AN' EVER THING!

DON'T IT FEEL QUEER TROTTING 'ROUND WITH YOUR LAIGS ALL WRAPPED UP IN THESE I CAN'T GET USED TO THESE LONG DRESSES... YES BUT THEY'RE NOT BAD FOR THE NEW SLOW SNUGGLE DANCES. WED BETTER GO IN NOW. I HEAR THE MUSIC. OUR BIRDS WILL GET THEIR FEATHERS UP... BUT REALLY IT WAS ABOUT TIME WE CALLED A HALT ON ABBREVIATED DRESSES. IT WAS GETTING TO BE THE LIMIT... YOU SAID A HALF-PINT, BIRDIE— WE HAD TO STOP SOMEWHERE

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PETEY—He Wins and Loses... "LO MAEL HOW DID THE GAME COME OUT... YARVARD WON SEVEN TO NOTHING... YEE-OOW! DA-DE-DA BEM WOO-RAN! I WIN TWELVE-FIVE BUCKS FROM OLD FRANK OMBESSY— WOOH... OH, I'M SO GLAD UNCLE PETEY... WHAT'S THAT?— I THOUGHT YOU WERE FOR THE OTHER TEAM—?— SO I WAS— AND I LOST A PAIR OF GLOVES TO BERT SMITH— A BOX OF CANDY TO MAUDE WORTH AND SIX PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS TO JANE BIGGIN BESIDES A HAT TO BILL JONES— AND I KNOW NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO GIVE ME THE MONEY TO PAY FOR THEM—"

GASOLINE ALLEY—Doc Must of Had a Ride In It

HERE COMES PAUL GRUEN IN THAT CAR OF HIS. TALK OF BEING FINICKY— WOW! HE TREATS IT LIKE A BABY! WHEN IT RAINS HE PUTS UP THE TOP AND GETS OUT AND HOLDS AN UMBRELLA OVER THE RADIATOR... IF ANYBODY GETS INTO MY CAR I WIPE THE DUST OFF THE SEAT WITH A RAG... BEFORE A GUY GETS INTO HIS CAR HE HANDS HIM A WHISK BROOM AN' TELLS HIM TO BRUSH OFF HIS PANTS

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